

[Farmanon]
[July 16, 2015]

I've lived in the Northwestern part of Oklahoma my entire life. There isn't much of a Native American influence around here anymore, but you'd be surprised how a 15 minute walk in the countryside will gift you with ancient arrowheads and other small reminders of the Native Americans that lived here.

I grew up on a farm with two parents, and one brother. Quiet existence. roughly 200 acres, while my grandfather farther west owns about 800 acres. Spent my time going to school, playing some organized sports, and mainly working my tail off on my farm.

We lived about 30 miles away from the closest actual town, but there was a small community of Native Americans that made up a very small town not far from us. We didn't travel there often, except to eat at a small cafe that had some of the best food I've ever ate. Everyone there was nice and genial, though. I have one friend from the town called Mark. Weird name for a Native American, but his last name is strongly native american.

Growing up, I experienced only a handful of odd situations, that my father was quick to gloss over and pretend was just run-of-the-mill in order to prevent us from freaking out. It wasn't til I was 17 that I started to figure out that seemingly usual things were actually strange.

We trapped a lot. Bobcats, skunks, raccoon. Anything that'd walk into our traps, we'd shoot and sell to either Native Americans, or in the bigger town. It wasn't good money, about 20 dollars for a bobcat, and only about 8 for a raccoon, but it helped out here and there.

Well, one day I had gone out to check the traps on my own. We had about 15 traps, all of them being box traps. If you aren't familiar with them, imagine a rectangular cage with a pressure pad in the middle. One end has a open gate. At the back of the

cage, bait is hung to attract animals. When the animal would investigate the bait, they'd trigger the door shut. The cages were typically made of metal, and were somewhat durable.

After checking a few of the traps, finding some of the bait gone, yet none of the traps were triggered. This is more common than you'd think. Sometimes the animals step over it, or sometimes the gate isn't set up right. I thought nothing of it and continued on. It wasn't until I had arrived at the last line of traps that I realized something was up.

It took me a while to find a particular box trap. It wasn't where it had been left at, and there was obvious signs around it that there was a fuss. Now, the traps weigh a good 30lbs, I'd estimate. Big enough that your normal animal isn't going to move it far.

After following the obvious signs that something had been there, I glanced down in a dried up creek bed that nearby. Sure enough, the trap laid on the bank of the creek bed. I noticed several things as I examined the scene, though.

The bait was gone, and the sliding gate was missing. The biggest thing I noticed, however, was that the cage was bent to the point that the small bars were ripped, leaving about 10 inch hole in the cage.

Normally, in dried up creek beds, a deer trail will be up on the side of a bank. A say a 'deer trail', but just about all types of animals use these small walk paths to leave or enter the creek bed without climbing up the side of the banks. It's unusual for a animal to not use these walk paths in a normal situation. Up on the other side of the bank, however, was the evidence of something clambering up the bank onto flat land. Fallen dirt, marks in the ground, and a couple of disturbed plants that had been stepped on. I regret not taking a closer look at the marks, I had been took worked up over the damaging of a fairly expensive trap.

After bringing the trap back, and repairing it ourselves, with only

the barest of moments to reflect on how odd of a situation it was, everything was back to normal for a while.

Growing up, I had also heard passing stories in the old cafe, or just anywhere, about old Native American animals. The most often heard story, for me, was of a creature three heads taller than any man, who lived in trees, had spindly appendages, and cursed those that hurt the land. Of course, my mother would also add in that they punished children who disobeyed parents, or who stayed up late at night goofing around. As a child, these stories delighted me, as I loved scary things. Looking back, I wished I had asked more about that one particular story. I never caught the name of it, and I may have a couple details of it wrong, but it for sure 'lived in the trees' and 'cursed those who hurt the land'.

The creepiest experience I had was when I was 21. My father had passed 2 years prior, and my mom had decided to move to OKC. With my schooling done, and my grandparents still nearby, I decided to take care of my father's land, instead of pawning it off on my grandfather.

Now, working a farm by yourself is hard enough, not to mention I was 21, and I was helping my grandfather with his large plot of land as well. Days were long, and there wasn't much to do where I was besides watch TV, and drink. I wasn't partial to the bottle at the time, so most of my time was spent watching TV, specially Scifi channel and like. I also started reading a lot more. In addition to the money my mom, and grandparents gave me, I also worked a weekend job at a gas station somewhat in the middle of nowhere. Decent pay for easy work, and it helped me take care of small things.

Well, after a particularly hard week, in which three cows had contracted pink eye, and with the threat of infecting the rest of the small herd I had on the land.

I was exhausted, and had spent a considerable amount of money on medicine. Luckily, my grandfather helped pay for some of it. I was relaxing on the front porch, waiting for the last bits of light to

finally edge down from the sky. It wasn't long, though, before the evening suddenly turned bad.

I've heard noises a lot growing up, and in the country you're taught to listen to them to figure out what kind of animal it is, if they are in pain or communicating with one another, or even taunting something. This particular night had brought an almost dead silent night, the only noise being from a handful of chickens that were bedding for the night in our coop, and the low din of my TV which remained on.

The sound that came next was something I had never heard before in my life. It was like a whooping sound, almost like apes, I guess, except it wasn't as deep. I swear, it sounded as if a person was making the noise.

Initially, I was confused, wondering who was out on my land making those noises. As the sound continued, though, I realized whatever was making this noise had to been within the treeline that was visible from my house.

The way my house, and the area around my house is set up, is that their is a clearing, with woods making a semi-circle around the back, and ending partially at the front, which is where the shed, coop, and dirt path to the pavement road is. The treeline is roughly 70 yards from house to the first tree. Whatever was making the noise was a little bit into the woods, but close enough that it's voice carried like thunder across the clearing.

Normally, the immediate reaction would be to grab a gun, but I didn't feel threatened. It didn't sound angry, or even in pain. It was just a constant whooping sound. After about a full minute and a half of the sound, it quit, only to start up with a completely different sound.

Close your mouth and and make the 'hmmmm' sound in your throat. That's what the sound came off as. It'd build up to a peak, and then a small bark would emitted, almost like someone shouting 'bah'. It sounded forceful, almost like it was like it was

growling and working itself up. Goosebumps scattered my skin, and my hair stood up on end. I felt sick as I listened. Intrigue swiftly turned into fear as I listened to the strange sound, driving my somewhat paranoid. It wasn't long until every chicken at the coop was back, fully awake, making soft clucks to warn the other chickens. They were on full alert, watching in the general same direction the sounds had been from. I grabbed my father's old rifle, and sat back out on the porch. I didn't have much light, but my house had several external lights that gave me a decent view of about half-way to the treeline.

I was scared out of my life. I've had heifers rush me because I had a hold of their newborn calf, I've been lost in the middle of the woods in pitch darkness, and I've even had elk in Colorado stare me down. All those were a different kind of fear, though. Those were reasonable. I knew what the danger was, saw it, and escaped it. This was unknown. I was confused, scared, and panicked. It was around this time that I realized whatever had been making the noise had to be something around the same size of a cow. The way it's voice carried, and the way it pronounced the 'bah' made it seemed large, with a heavy body.

Luckily, after a million panicked thoughts had raced through my head in the span of 2 minutes, the sound once more died out. I never heard anything move in the treeline. The noise never moved, either. It was as if the creature had spent 3 minutes of it's life standing absolutely still, and making noises.

It took another 10 minutes for me to feel somewhat secure again to enter the house. That night, I locked both of my doors, and covered all the windows. With the external lights off, I went to bed.

Looking back, I regretted it shutting those lights off.

It wasn't long into the night, before I was awoken. If you've ever had a pebble strike your window, that's the sound that awoke me. It sounded as if it was coming from the window in the front room. It wasn't rough, or forceful, just a small, light striking noise once

every few seconds. If I hadn't already been on edge, I would of ignored it and gone back to sleep. With the prior events, however, it didn't take long for me to picture and imagine what the noise could be. It switched windows, however. The sound never came from more than one window at a time. Thankfully, the noise never came to the two windows that were in my room. The entire event lasted roughly an hour. It took a long time before I allowed myself to sleep, after that.

The next morning, I was met with a rather shocking scene. My front door was slightly creaked up, however the screen door was still shut. Both doors were unlocked, though. I was sure that I had locked both when I went to bed. Trying my best to ignore it, desperately writing it off as I was just being forgetful, as there was nothing misplaced in my house, I went on with my day.

That night still haunts me to this day, and I've dreamed about the noise I've heard a few times. I never got the courage to tell anyone else about it. Presently, however, after recounting that night, I want to burst over to the small native american community and ask them more about all of this.

There was one more event, however. It happened just last year. Now 25, I had got the farm under control a bit more. Taking a loan, begging my grandfather, and talking the man down on the price, I managed to buy some more land that was next to mine. The farm was now about 500 acres, and I quickly set upon getting the new land into shape. One of my grandfather's native american friends sent two of his grandchildren to come help me out.

In return, I gave them fresh eggs, quite a bit of deer jerky, and I even parted with a hen that I figured was near the end of the road when it came to producing good eggs. (I know, white man cheating the native Americans.)

While they were helping me build fence, take down old fence, clear paths, they joked around quite a bit. That night, though, we returned back to my house as I had offered to cook them both dinner. I wasn't a maestro of cooking, living alone on a farm

doesn't lend to that particular skill set, but it was a meal nonetheless. Once inside my house, though, it's like the two of them flipped a switch. Gone were the joking and playful guys from early. Instead they were extremely somber and rather quiet. At the time, I figured this was a type of respect, or something along those lines. During dinner, they hardly ate, insisting they were full from a large lunch and instead would rather hurry home. They said they'd be back the following day to finish up work, though.

Noting the weird behavior, I cleaned up and browsed the internet for a while before going to bed. The next day came around, and the pair never showed up. I called my grandfather about it, and he told me he'd get in touch with his friend.

That day, I finished the work up on my own, finishing around 4 pm. Giving myself a treat, I headed back home and decided to give myself the day off. Not much later, a number I didn't know called. It turned out to be my grandpa's friend who apologized for his grandchildren's behavior. I told him it was alright, and that I had finished the work easily. After a bit of small talk, he told me that he'd be by tomorrow to return the payment I had given his grandchildren, despite my protest.

The next day rolled around, and the friend of my grandfather came around. His name was Donnie Black-Bird. At the time, I almost laughed as it sounded almost comical. The man the name belonged to, though, was far from humor.

Unlike his grandchildren, the man was not into playfulness. He arrived in a old beat-up Chevy that his massive frame barely fit into. The man was the picture of sternness. He shook my hand with his massive bear paws and unloaded the hen from it's carrying cage, and handed me back all the untouched vittles I had given them. I asked him inside, because I'd like to talk to him a bit, and it seemed rude for him to drive all this way out here to me without offering him a drink. He accepted the offer and we made our way to my house.

I didn't notice at the time, but he old man paused at the steps to

my house. It was a small pause, and I remember him looking around the house a lot, but it didn't last long enough at the time to garner my attention. We entered and I made us both a cup of coffee, even though it was nearly noon by now.

The entire time we talked, he seemed to glance around the house, not focusing on the conversation, preferring one word answers and nods or shakes of his head. It wasn't long before he decided it was time for him to leave.

After he left, I went back inside to clean our cups of coffee. I noticed he hadn't even taken a single sip from the cup I poured him. Thinking nothing of it, I poured them out and begun to get ready to run through my daily chores.

I noticed something, though. The hen that had been returned was being ostracized by the other chickens. Normally, when a new hen is around, the rooster tries to bully it into a submissive like state, or just checks it out. However, no chicken would even so much as step within foot of the hen. Looking back, this could be simply because it wasn't truly a 'new hen', and the chickens knew that, somehow. I guess.

Things have been getting worse as of recently, though. What started as, I assume, disconnected events spread over years is now turning somewhat worrying. I'm almost 27 years old now, and I'm afraid to leave my house at night, now. Three days ago, I had two hens die. Just drop dead. No signs, nothing to lend to they may of been sick. Nothing. But that's not the only thing.

I'm going to sound like I'm blowing it out my ass, and I'm trying for some kind of spooky finale, but even while I typed up this story I heard the small striking sound from the front living room window. It only lasted a half minute, though. This is the 2nd night in a row I've heard it, now, not to mention there was an episode roughly two weeks ago that the tapping lasted an hour. The recent events are actually what prompted to browse /x/ tonight. I normally only skimmed this board in the past, but after seeing this thread, it seemed like some kind of sign to actually share my

story.

I have my rifle next to my bed right now, but nearly all the lights are off, minus my laptop, and one external light that is outside my window.

Thinking all this over, and picturing it was one whole story I've never truly sat down and reflected on all at once before, I'm starting to notice things I didn't notice before. Even currently, I'm sitting here panicking and working myself up.

If you guys have anything to add, please do. I'd like to at least gleam some feedback. Maybe I missed something, or something could be explained. If you have any questions, I'll try to answer them best I can.

>I regretted it shutting those lights off.

I don't understand how anyone who has just been through a very scary experience can go into a house all alone, turn off the lights, and just go to bed.

>The next morning, I was met with a rather shocking scene. That is very scary. Don't know how you were able to sleep the next year there all alone. I hope you had large, loyal guard dogs with you.

>The farm was now about 500 acres
Jelly of all the land you own.

[Farmanon]

>I don't understand how anyone who has just been through a very scary experience can go into a house all alone, turn off the

lights, and just go to bed.

Honestly, it was easier than you'd think. I rationalized a lot of it away, and tried to pretend I was just inexperienced, and it was a normal animal, or even a guy. Plus, with the pay I earned at the time, I couldn't afford to leave the lights on. That, and I was attempting to avoid breathing life into my paranoia. Returning to normal helped me calm down.

>That is very scary. Don't know how you were able to sleep the next year there all alone. I hope you had large, loyal guard dogs with you.

I don't like dogs much. I've thought about it, but I've never done it. Had a dog when I was about 8 until I was 10. I'm not big into pets.

>Jelly of all the land you own.

Don't be. I'm in a bit of debt right now, and I regret ever deciding to stay here.

I thought you would have an ending sharing what the Native Americans saw and/or felt in your house. But that is o.k. I still got goosebumps reading your last post. You are pretty brave to read /x/ stories when all alone in a spooky house at night.

Obviously there is some presence in the house, more so than outside since the Natives were fine outside but nervous inside.

Perhaps have a Priest come out and bless your land and your house? You can also buy a jar and go to your local Catholic Church and fill it with Holy Water. Then you can spray some Holy Water around your house and areas of your yard that disturb you, while saying a prayer, preferably to Archangel Michael.

Thanks for sharing, very interesting. Good luck!

[Farmanon]

After telling the story, I'm positive I'm going to call Donnie tomorrow and talk to him about all of this. I regret not being forward with him at the time, or having the thought to connected all this stuff.

>You are pretty brave to read /x/ stories when all alone in a spooky house at night.

I'd go with stupid, but thank you.

>Perhaps have a Priest come out and bless your land and your house? You can also buy a jar and go to your local Catholic Church and fill it with Holy Water. Then you can spray some Holy Water around your house and areas of your yard that disturb you, while saying a prayer, preferably to Archangel Michael.

I've never been a religious man, and neither were my parents. I've never even seen a Catholic Church in this part of Oklahoma. They are mainly Methodist and Baptist churches.

>I'm in a bit of debt right now
Sorry, that sucks.

>I regret ever deciding to stay here.
To own your own land is awesome, but I can understand being young and living way out in the boonies can be a drag.

>I don't like dogs much.
A guy who does not like dogs. Sad. But, to each his own.

[Farmanon]

>Sorry, that sucks.

I've been told it's somewhat normal for farmers to be in some debt. I'm somewhat confident I can climb out though. Thanks for your condolences, though.

>To own your own land is awesome, but I can understand being young and living way out in the boonies can be a drag.

I see where you're coming from. I say I regret it, but I don't think I'd choose any other life. It just gets pretty stressful sometimes.

>A guy who does not like dogs. Sad. But, to each his own.

I've never seen much use in companionship from animals. I dunno. I guess I must be a basic guy. It does get lonely out here, sometimes, but I invite some family, and friends, out here every so often to eat and hike around a little.

Alright. I'm about to post the results of talking to Donnie, if you guys are ready for it all.

Ready and waiting, good sir.

[Farmanon]

After getting next to no sleep last night, I got dressed up fairly early. About 6 am. I did my daily chores, but I was flying on autopilot. My mind was on what I was gonna say to Donnie today. Unfortunately, while out and about, I found a hole in my fence where the wires had broken. The strange thing was, that all four wires from one post to another had snapped, almost as if they had all broken at once. Immediately, I started to panic. It wasn't

before too long, right in the middle of my work on the fence while checking over my shoulder ever so often, that I found my rationalization.

The game warden called me to tell me a bull that had been identified as one of my herd was found on the highway. The game warden managed to load it up safely, and it cooperated. He mentioned that it looked like my bull lost a fight with another one of my bulls. I revealed to him that I only owned the single bull.

Once I fixed the fence, and the game warden arrived, we both set upon unloading the bull and guiding it to the original pasture. Sure enough, the bull had small cuts around its neck, and ankles, along with a slight limp to its gait. Nothing pointing to that it was broken, but it had definitely gotten in a tussle, which is normal for bulls. Bulls, when attempting to establish itself, will fight anything from coyotes, other heifers, birds, and even pick fights with snakes when there is no other bull around to beat up on. However, whatever had fought my bull had obviously hurt the bulls pride, as he looked to be sulking. When a bull loses a fight for dominance, it'll typically leave the herd for a period of 2 days, and pout by itself. During this time, it's liable to tear up a number of things in its fit. It helped explained my barb wire fence being down, but there was no evidence on the bull that it had plowed through the fence.

Thanking the game warden, I finally went back to the house and gave Donnie a call.

No one picked up, and the phone went to voicemail. I left a message saying I'd like to talk to Donnie, and that it was urgent. Satisfied with my message, I decided to relax on my porch for a while.

I never received a call back, but it was only about two hours before I could hear the rumble of a familiar truck. Sure enough, Donnie's truck came shambling up to my porch.

Donnie left his truck, and came up to the steps of my porch, but

stopped just short. I walked down the steps to greet him and attempted to shake his hand. Somewhat reluctantly, he shook my hand, his grip was very light, almost as if he didn't wish to touch me. We engaged in small talk for a while, for a second, before I asked him why he didn't call me back. He said he hadn't had the time when he got back home, and decided to stop by after running some errands instead of calling back. Once again, Donnie's head glanced about the house, uninterested in focusing on my or much of the conversation. Without much preamble, I decided to blurt out everything that was bothering me.

I told him about the noise I heard that one evening coming from the woods, and I told him about the recent happenings, along with the noises I've heard at night. I told him I had no one to turn to, as I was afraid what others would think. I also admitted that I had noticed his, and his grandchildren's, weird behavior, and I pleaded him to tell me what he knew.

He asked to come inside, and told me that I should grab something heavy to drink. He'd take a drink, as well. With a seemingly heavy-heart and reluctance, he made his way inside along with me.

After retrieving two glasses of whiskey from the kitchen, we sat down at the small dining room table, and he laid out the situation for me.

I was cursed. That was the first revelation out of his mouth. I had apparently done something terrible and I was paying a price. I told him that I had no idea I did something wrong, and I asked him what it could be. He ignored my question, and continued on with his explanation.

During the entirety of it all, his head glanced out the windows that faced the back of the house, out towards the woods. Just a split second glance before returning to look me in the eyes. The first time he had really done it for a extended time since I met him. They were sad eyes, almost like they pitied me, but his face remained stern and devoid of any type of friendliness.

Anyway, he told me that the curse goes as follows; My bounty of the land I had would wither, and I'd be haunted by the land I 'betrayed' (It was the word he used), until I redeemed myself, or left for good. Once again, I begged him to tell me what I could of done, as I had done nothing outrageous towards the health of my land. I hunted, yes, sometimes more than what I needed, but I gave such excess away. Everything I did was within, what appears to me, as acceptable bounds. Once again, he ignored my question and continued on.

He told me whatever noises I was hearing was whatever spirit came to the defense of the land. At first, they would leave warnings and clues to my offense. As time went on, they would grow increasingly more violent and sinister. Again, this time almost shouting, I demanded to know what I had done wrong. It was this time he explained.

Apparently, the debt of the damaged land can be carried through descendants of a family. If I was positive I had done nothing wrong, it was likely something a family member had done. This land had been in the family since my great-grandfather, but I didn't know of anything they could of done that would provoke this. Donnie said that he shouldn't even be here, and that it's bad to help someone that was being punished.

He recommended I sell the land, or allow my grandfather to watch after it while taking a break in the city, something that would be blasphemy considering how much had been put into the land, but it seemed like a plausible plan.

As he left, Donnie told me it'd be wise to build a bonfire tonight, and burn a hand made offering, compromised of items I could find on my land. He told me this won't likely appease whatever was cursing me, as it was typically used as a sort of prayer for ancestors to watch the land, but it wouldn't hurt. After that, the old man quickly made his way to his truck and left. It wasn't until after he had left that I noticed that, once again, he failed to touch the drink I got him.

I'm now sitting in my living room, rifle beside me, and working my way through a bottle of whiskey, pondering exactly what I should do. I'm thinking of building up the bonfire, but I wonder what good it'd even do.

Time to GTFO based anon.

Sell everything and buy cameras to set up around the house before you leave. Stay long enough to record anything spooky and then move as soon as you can.

Step one: sell the land

Step two: gtfo of the country farm land

Step three: live in a populated area like a metropolitan

It wouldn't be unwise of you to let that land go.

[Farmanon]

The more I think of it, it seems like the best idea. But it's hard sentimentally. My entire life up until this point has been devoted to this land, and I'm not too big on moving to the city to get some small job to meek out a living. I don't have college education or much else to my name. At this point, though, I am concerned for my life.

Like he said, it can't hurt

Burn the ostracized chicken, the curse is actually on the chicken that betrayed the land, not you!

[Farmanon]

In all seriousness, I was wondering what an animal sacrifice would bring. I don't know what the implications of a animal sacrifice is in Native American culture, but I'm willing to try anything at this point. I can't stand another night of the striking.

God, looking at this, I can't believe I voiced that as an option. Sacrificing an animal. Jesus Christ.

Yea I'm not sure what good/harm it would do. I'm assuming not great.

I'd leave your lights on, one night of lights being on is worth potentially seeing this thing. Either that or the creature won't want to come near the light, which means you can sleep tonight as least.

[Farmanon]

I've considering sitting outside with every light I have on, and seeing what I witness. Part of me is a little wary of this though. I'm worried it'll only worsen things for me. Currently, I'm running on adrenaline, whiskey, and fumes, so sleep could end up taking me if I did that.

I mean, I'm not much for spiritual curses or anything of that nature, but I'd say do what you will, whether it be your grandfather watch over it and take a temp leave. Or just take off and never look back. You seem like a level headed guy, and I'm sure you'll make the best decision. Working a job while taking a few college courses here and there, never ever hurts. It's NEVER too late to go to school to better yourself. Plus, a change of scenery can Help, at the very least.

[Farmanon]

Yeah. I'm not buying the curse stuff so much as I'm buying into the fact that even he knew something was terribly wrong. Maybe a leave is for the best. A getaway for a week or so would probably do me some good. And you're right. It's never too late, but my current debt troubles, with college debt placed on top would probably make a hole that I'd never fully climb out of.

Op fuck that. You cannot sell your land. It's your fucking land that you've put blood sweat and tears for. What are you gonna do in debt moving into the city? Fuck that you just expanded also. Let that thing know you're not leaving but that you're trying to make amends.

[Farmanon]

That's about what I'd expect my dad to say. Plant your feet in the ground and hold fast. I'm not as brave I guess as him. Hearing the noises from the woods, though, put some fear in me. Hearing it reverberate out like no-animal I've ever heard before just ruined me. I'm definitely going to stick around for at least a while longer. I'll take a few days to decide what I'm going to do. I might do what someone else suggested and buy cameras.

Sacrificing an animal when you don't know what you've done (or ancestors) is not wise.

At this point Farm Anon, you have two options that will bode well for you eventually.

- A) Move. Just move somewhere else and start anew.
- B) Try and figure out what the entity wants or needs from you to move on. It might need as simple as an apology or it could need blood. And I do mean blood.

Trying to solve this yourself ain't gonna happen. Do you have options of where to go?

Are you willing to listen to a partial Native American who might have an idea to help (wife is)?

[Farmanon]

I mean, I don't have many options. I could talk to my grandfather, but it's unlikely that bear any fruit. My mother is in OKC and had never been huge on farm life. At this point, I'd be gracious for any type of help I can receive, even passing advice. If I wasn't still worried, I'd be fairly joyed to see how many people have taken the time to put in their two cents and let me know what they can. I appreciate all the advice and concern, guys.

And now that I read your post, I remember something my dad used to say. It was something along the lines of "Everything can be paid in blood or tears." Something along those lines maybe? You're 'B)' on the chart reminded me of it. It was one of the handful of phrases my dad would remind me of growing up. I perceived it as one of those sayings to tell your kids for them to easily digest values, or something like that.

Also OP, don't listen to that illiterate fucktard. I didn't say go out there with a cross and hunt the spirit or try and hurt it. Just by what the Indian said It wants ammends done for whatever was done. Also. It'll be probably be super uncomfortable but explain things to your grandfather and ask him if he did anything. Maybe he did something and you're the one suffering the curse.

[Farmanon]

This could be a possibility. My grandfather worked this land until he bought his current lot, and handed this one off to my father. Although, I doubt he'd hand off anything like this knowingly. He's too kindly of a man, and loves his family more than life itself. I don't plan on launching a crusade against this thing, but maybe a little more time he to observe things might help me redeem myself. Leaving and staying both look like even choices to me, at this point.

This thread, it's amazing. Best of luck to you farmanon, I believe in you.

I can't really relate since I've always lived in suburbs or the city. But I'm god damn terrified of dark forests and weird noises, so I wouldn't stand a day in your shoes.

You should definitely get your grandfather, mother or friends to come and stay with you for some time. I'm not sure what good it would do for you to stay away for a week or so.

As I see it you either try to get rid of or please the thing, or just sell everything and start anew somewhere else.

[Farmanon]

I appreciate you believing in me. I'm glad you guys have my back, even though it might be only on the internet. In all honesty, I wouldn't last long in a city. I've been told they can be cruel and somewhat dangerous. I'm a really trusting guy, and don't get angry often. I've always been told the city would eat up a guy like me and spit me out.

I never thought about that. I haven't done it for a while, but inviting some people over to stay a bit might be a good idea. I'm afraid they'll be in the crossfire, though.

Maybe it has something to do with whatever you caught in that busted up trap. Build a rustic trap from sticks and small branches from the treeline it was hanging out in. Bust a symbolic hole in the side for the spirit and burn the trap. Tell it you're sorry when you set it alight.

[Farmanon]

You really think the traps set it off? I've been trapping since then, and have never had that happen again.

Do you want to tell me a bit more specific where you live? So I can do some google earth exploring. Just the general area or the closest town or something.

[Farmanon]

Look up the towns:

Freedom, Oklahoma
Waynoka, Oklahoma,
and Woodward, Oklahoma.

In that covered area, is my land, and my grandfather's along in there. I don't know how I feel about giving out exact details where I'm at, but that's the same general area.

I'm dropping around the little google earth person around that general area but never find any houses, only roads that looks exactly the same and never seem to end, haha.

[Farmanon]

It's difficult to find the few houses out there. Mine is tucked away pretty good, but you're liable to run into my grandfather's. He has a big house off from the highway a bit. There's a few more spaced among the land. Most people prefer to live in town, and go out to their land.

I'm going to head out and gather up some things, guys. I'm going to try out that bonfire idea before it gets too late. Will be back.

Someone needs to screencap this thread, easily this is legendary /x/ Material. I hope everything goes your way farmanon, as someone who grew up in the California country I know there are creepy things out there that most Californians don't even know about.

How's it going? Setting up the bonfire? Are you planning on starting a new thread? Perhaps you could tripcode so we can find your threads/posts easier.

[Farmanon]

I think I did the tripcode, right. I'm not really good when it comes to using computers, but I think I learned how to use it.

Materials are gathered up, and this is what I have so far;

Tomatoes, although fairly below average that I've been desperately trying to grow

A couple of eggs

A tree branch from one of the 'nicer', and somewhat biggest, tree on my land

A handful of hay

And finally loose hair from my cattle. I don't know why I chose this, but I was desperate for materials.

I also attempted to catch a fish from one of my ponds, but after a while, I called it quits. I couldn't even get a bite, and I still wasn't sure on the whole animal sacrifice thing, that I'm now pretty against.

All that's left is to get some firewood from the shed gathered up and place it in my fire ring so I can get this started.

[Farmanon]

Quick update, have to get back outside. Noises are starting up. Not even dark yet. Fire is going and items are in fire. Be back asap.

Britfag here. Worth staying up for. Rooting for you bro.

This is getting really good now.

I know man I'm loving this.

[Farmanon]

Quick update. Movement in woods. Caught sight of something moving. Hunched back. Have rifle ready to go. Unknown when be back. Will try to photo it with flip phone. it's staying in the treeline.

Damn, stuff is going down. This is almost too crazy to believe in, but I really want to.

[Farmanon]

Back inside for the time being. I'm determined the movement might have been me seeing a deer. I might have been freaking out because of the sound. The reason why I'm certain it was some kind of animal was that the sound was coming no where from where I saw the few seconds of movement. For now, the noises have stopped, but the fire is still burning and all the external lights are on, along with all the lights in my house.

The noises this time around were coming from generally the same direction as the first time. It was once again the hmmm followed by the 'bah' sound. It lasted from around the time I tossed the items into the fire, and lasted for quite a long time. I lost track of time as I sat on the porch and waited to catch a glimpse of something.

I'm debating calling Donnie, or even the police currently. My

grandfather is about 45 minutes away, but I don't want to drag him into something bad. I don't know what to do.

Damnit, I really have to sleep now. Have to get up in 5-6 hours. Please keep this thread alive or start a new thread and keep the tripcode.

Best of luck best Farmanon, we believe in you. Never hesitate to go with your gut feeling. Whether it's calling the cops or Donnie or just go charging out the woods. What you feel is right probably is right.

Godspeed.

[Farmanon]

Was in the middle of typing up something to further explain the current situation, and respond to you guys, but I just noticed that the fire is out when I looked up and noticed the lack of extra light. The fire was literally nearly roaring just a few minutes ago.

I'm going to quit posting for a while, and handle this. I wanted to keep a near constant update for you guys, but it's turning a little worse here. I'm going to stay on watch, and have my phone ready.

>The fucking fire went out

Sounds like the spirits didn't care for his offering. Good luck, farmanon, may you survive the night and provide updates. Legit

don't care if this is RP, story has me riveted.

...or maybe they did? I mean, they took the fire, in a way, right?
So maybe that's good?

Trying to be an optimist here.

Man it could go either way. Hopefully it's a good thing. Want to
hear more from this anon.

I'm really worried about you Farmanon, and I really do think
maybe staying somewhere else after tonight would be a good
idea. Maybe consult Donnie about it, to make sure you leaving
doesn't mess anything up? But anyway, best wishes from New
Zealand, and I hope you remain safe!

Yeah farmanon if this is real and shit then maybe take a break
from x...as much as we wanna know. I'm pretty sure this is
something to be treated with respect not something to constantly
be posting about. If this is oc take a break to make it more
believable. But yeah deal with it and then get back to us! Like I
said. Let it know you're trying to make amends.

Im starting to get worried now

[Farmanon]

Things have settled down now. I've been on watch for a while now. I haven;t been paying attention to time, and have just been keeping up observing everything.

The noises came back, but this time it was much different. It has me much more spooked now. I don't have a way to really explain how it sounded, but it sounded like a wounded rabbit, except it had a slightly deeper carry to it, and it would stop momentarily and release a sound like a 'ugh', except drawn out. It only lasted a handful of minutes.

Currently, I have the lights off inside my house, but the external lights are on. What I've noticed about the fire is that it's obvious something dug through it, as well. I'm hoping against hope that this signifies that I did good with the bonfire.

I should also note that the entire time I've heard the noises, it's came from the same place ever since I first heard it.

I've tried calling Donnie, but no one has answered, just like previously today. I left one message, asking him to call me back, but nothing has came from that. I've been currently spending time glancing out my window, and typing this up.

I can feel exhaustion from missing sleep last night starting to set in. I'm going to make some coffee. I've decided I'm going to catch whatever has been the source of the striking on my window. I'll probably call my mom or grandfather soon. I need to talk to them to calm down a bit.

This may be my last update from the night. If something serious happens, I'll try to find time to update you guys in order to alleviate some worry.

Thank you to everyone for your concern. So far, I'm safe, and I feel secure. I don't know where the random surge of bravery came, but I want to thank everyone who has stuck with me so far. It's helped more than any of you know.

Farmanon, I guess all I can say is good luck. Keep trying for Donnie tomorrow, at the moment it's better to contact family and talk with them like you're doing. Be safe!

I don't know what kind of resources you have going there, but if you heard the sound again is there any way you could record it?

[Farmanon]

I have a flip phone that could record it, perhaps. It's a Rugby phone, so it's not that good, but I can attempt it at least.

I also wanted to say one last thing, real quick. Looking at everything, I can't believe what I'm currently going through. I don't know if you guys have had experiences like this, but it's surreal. I've been relatively calm and down to earth, but inside I have no idea what I'm doing. I guess in the moment of the storm of these recent events, and sharing with you guys, I've been able to distance myself from accepting what's happened, but now I've had time to think. This is my life that is currently in some kind of danger, and I'm just going through it.

I've decided I'm most likely leaving the farm. Not tomorrow, or even the next day. But it's likely I'm selling this land. The only

thing stopping me from going to my vehicle and driving to my grandfather is the fear of what's actually out there.

I live less than an hour away.

I stayed up to read your story, and it's really intrigued me.
Best of the luck to you, I hope you keep your sanity and make it through

We're rooting for you, Farmanon. Just stay safe.

Farmanon still here?

[Farmanon]

I passed out half-way through the night. I never caught the thing making noises against my window. I only lasted til about 3 am.

I'm at my grandfather's right now. When I woke up this morning, around 8 am and investigated around, my front door had been unlocked, and it was slightly agape, just like the first time it happened. I didn't wake up in the night to any tapping, so I'm unsure if that happened.

My grandfather is currently out feeding his cattle, while I'm here with my grandmother trying to make sense of this all.

The noises kept going, and going. I never saw anything, but they

went out for nearly an hour.

I'm going to talk to my grandfather when he gets back. After that, I'm going to make a run into town and buy a camera, along with a list of supplies that the one anon in this thread mentioned.

I'm run-ragged guys. The thing was in my house last night. I know it was. The feeling I had when I woke up in my chair was instantly uncomfortable. I hadn't even noticed the door at first. I was so uncomfortable it made me sick to my stomach.

I don't know what's happening guys, but I'm going out on my land, and exploring the place where I heard the noises. That's what I've decided I'm going to do so far.

This is so damn riveting. I'm hooked.

It straight up could be Donnie. Maybe your dad beat him at poker one night and he never got over it. That's where the "curse" originated.

[Farmanon]

I'm going to go ahead and explain what happened last night after I made my last update.

Shutting the laptop, I posted up at my front window, and would watch for about 10 minutes before switching to another window. I was able to rotate to another window about 4 times, before the noises started back up.

I pulled out my flip phone, while holding my rifle in the other hand. Unfortunately, the sound barely even picked up while I was

standing inside. At this point, I wanted the sound file for myself. I wanted to make sure I wasn't just imagining these noises. I also wanted to share it with you guys, because maybe one of you know an animal that, i guess, I don't know or haven't heard make these noises, and would explain this all away.

I took a small step outside. I hadn't realized it when I was inside my house, but the noise was deafening now. Much louder than before. The sound also came across much more violently, as if the creature was working itself up. I managed to grab a couple of sound files, but neither one really picks up the sound the way I want. I'll figure out how to upload them later today, so that you guys can hopefully make sense of it.

While poking my head outside, I also noticed the fire once more. Around the fire ring, something I hadn't noticed while glancing out my window at it, were clear marks all around it. I could tell at the moment they weren't footprints, but it was as if a kid had dug with his fingernails all around the circle of the fire pit. It was disturbed dirt, with a pile here and there.

At this point, I was absolutely terrified. The noise switched to the hmmmm 'bah' noise as I slinked back inside. It lasted for the better part of an hour before dying out.

Desperately trying to stay awake, because I knew the window tapping would be next, and I wanted to catch this thing. Well, not catch it, but I wanted to see it. I hyped myself up and told myself that if I caught a glimpse of it, this would all be better.

I figured if I could do that, I'd be done with all my problems.

At the time, I didn't really pay much attention to it, but now I'm wondering if something else wasn't at play. I remember feeling suddenly really tired. Like it hit me like a brickwall. I do realize I've gone nearly 24 hours with only around 4 hours of sleep, but I feeling fairly okay before.

As I sat in the recliner, I eventually started to pass in and out. The

last time I got a good look at the clock was about 2:56. It couldn't of been long after that that I passed out.

When I awoke, I sat still for a moment, with my eyes closed. The overwhelming feeling of being uncomfortable was almost too much for me. I sat, breathing out my mouth for a second, trying to shake the feeling. After opening my eyes, I didn't even notice at first the door was slightly agape. Once again, I'm positive all doors were locked. Seeing this, and taking a quick peak at the fire pit, which was nothing but ashes, despite the fire failing to finish to burn out, I gathered up a few things and bolted to my grandfathers. Under the guise of wanting to visit for a bit and that I've been getting lonely out on my property, they happily agreed that I could stay however long as I liked. My grandmother is still convinced I'm her little baby grandchild. I'm worried though. What if the thing comes here?

I'm not going to stay here much longer. I'll talk to my grandfather and leave. I don't want to bring whatever is after me down on anyone else. No one deserves this.

Let's also not forget his dad died at a young age. Come to think of it farmanon, could it have been your dad that did something to disgrace the land, which ultimately led to an early grave?

[Farmanon]

I wouldn't think so. My dad's death was something that was likely. He drank a lot, and he was a heavy guy. He had some heart problems, and eventually he died. I always knew him to be respectful of the land. I think the only thing he did that I could deem as somewhat disrespectful is that he chewed tobacco, and would spit it on the ground most the time. Besides that, I don't

recall anything bad.

Don't burn things, that's usually a bad idea from what I understand. Since you aren't religious yourself, you're a bit more limited on what you can do. My understanding is that if you don't believe in what you're doing, it won't do shit but make the entity angrier.

I'd suggest talking about this with your grandfather or someone at your church; and be more respectful to your native american friend. Just because he has some understanding of what is going on, it doesn't mean he holds the answers. If he doesn't answer a question, it's because he doesn't know. Not because he's withholding the information. Growing frustrated or desperately calling him every time something knocks will just put him off.

Also, don't dismiss it being people trying to fuck with you. If you get any evidence of an intrusion (such as collapsed fences or animals being killed by something), call the police.

[Farmanon]

I've been nothing but respectful to Donnie, considering my position. He's obviously held back details, the way he's acted around my house, and you want me to be respectful to him? You want me to be respectful to the guy who could honestly help me, or at least give me more details, while what I've worked for my entire life is apparently in jeopardy? Of course I'm going to call him everytime I can. He knows this stuff, and I don't. As far as I know, my life is threatened, and he's content to just sit back and watch me squirm with the piddle paddle knowledge he gave me. Fuck Donnie.

[Farmanon]

Talked to my grandfather about some of the stuff that was happening. Left out the part about the bonfire, and left out how panicked I am about it. He thought it was weird and said he hadn't ever heard anything like that before and didn't have the slightest idea what it could be. He seemed to be telling the truth.

For the time being, I'm back at my place. I invited a couple of friends over to drink and place some card games tonight. Hopefully things will stay normal with them here. If not, they will be my witnesses. I'm about to make a trip into a nearby town to pick some stuff off. Going to try and set up a camera.

Will update you guys if anything else happens. So far, everything has been normal at my place.

[Farmanon]

Quick update. People have been asking me if I'm going to make a new thread for all of this, and I might as well. Next time I get on to update you guys, I'll make a new thread.

I've also debated telling my friends whenever they get here. It's not liable to be something that creeps them out. They seem somewhat chill and may laugh it off, but it'll kill me to have them over and not tell them what I'm going through.

[The next day, another thread was made to attract Farmanon's attention when he returned. The thread

remained active for four days, but Farmanon did not reply.]